

LOSS OF APPETITE

Cold Sweats, Twitching Nerves and Weakness Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Nature punishes every infraction of her laws, and careless habits easily lead to the condition described by Mr. William Browne, of No. 1019 Lincoln street, St. Joseph, Mo. Mr. Browne is an expert tinner in the employ of the National Biscuit Co. He gives the following account of a trying experience:

"In the spring of 1902," he says, "while I was regularly working at my trade, I grew somewhat careless in my habits of eating and drinking, and finally found that my appetite was feeble, a bad taste lingered in my mouth, my nerves twitched and were beyond my control, my kidneys were out of order and cold sweats would break out over my body at odd times. Perhaps, while I stood talking with some one, this trembling of the limbs, and profuse sweating, and a severe chill would seize me. I became alarmed at my condition and, having read an endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I got a box and began to use them. They helped me at once. After I had used one box the twitching of the nerves, the trouble with the stomach and the cold sweats stopped and have not repeated, and my appetite is good. I have told all my friends that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me and I recommend them to everybody."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. Browne because nothing can strengthen the nerves except good rich, red blood—and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They drive from the blood the cause of anemia, indigestion, nervous disorders, general weakness and the troubles of growing girls and women. The pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or harmful drugs. Sold by all druggists, or by Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

MEDICAL MENTION.

Soda, in a two-percent solution, is recommended by Prof. Esnarech, of Gottmann as the best means of disinfecting eating utensils.

Twenty-five per cent. of the students at Philadelphia's university are women; but only half of these pass the examinations. Those that do are mostly in the medical department.

Headache and other ills of overcrowded rooms are found by Dr. Paul, of Liverpool, to be due to retention of the heat by the body, even 15 per cent. of carbon dioxide doing no harm in a regulated temperature.

Somnolence is the name of a new anesthetic tested at the Bordeaux school, Paris, which, when properly administered, is said to leave no after effects. It is composed of chloride of ethyl, chloride of methyl and bromide of ethyl.

Three human lungs—one white, one black and one gray—form an instructive exhibit in an Edinburgh museum. The first came from an Eskimo, who breathed the pure air of the arctic regions; the second, from a coal miner, who inhaled much coal dust; the third, from a town dweller, kept in city dust and smoke.

Some of the leading Italian physicians have held for some time that feeding, properly transformed, could be used as a cure for tuberculosis. Prof. Levi, of Milan, believes he has discovered the most suitable process for using it, but he refuses to make any positive statement until he has accumulated more proof of the efficacy of his method.

SOME WHY DON'T YOU'S.

Why don't you take more pains to be self-sacrificing? Time is rapidly passing.

Why don't you send away that little gift you have been planning to send? Mere kind intentions never accomplish any good.

Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your thoughts? Unless you express them they are of no use to others.

Why don't you make the promised visit to that invalid? She is looking for you day after day, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Why don't you answer your friend's letter at once? It will have a double value if written promptly, and will take no more time than by and by.

Why don't you create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness, so that all who come in touch with you may be made better? Is not this possible?

NOTICED IT.

A Young Lady from New Jersey Put Her Wits to Work.

"Coffee gave me terrible spells of indigestion, which, coming on every week or so, made my life wretched until some one told me that the coffee I drank was to blame. That seemed nonsense, but I noticed these attacks used to come on shortly after eating, and were accompanied by such excruciating pains in the pit of the stomach that I could only find relief by loosening my clothing and lying down."

"If circumstances made it impossible for me to lie down, I spent hours in great misery."

"I refused to really believe it was the coffee until finally I thought a trial would at least do no harm, so I quit coffee in 1901 and began on Postum. My troubles left entirely and convinced me of the cause."

"Postum brought no discomfort, nor did indigestion follow its use. I have had no return of the trouble since I began to drink Postum. It has built me up, restored my health and given me a new interest in life. It certainly is a joy to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

THE BAD BOY



The Bad Boy Arrives in New York—Dad Is Caught Trying to Smuggle Merchandise—They Are Surprised to Hear About Camille Chadwick and the Chicago Strike.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Editor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) New York City.—Dear Old Fardner in Crime: I have more trouble trying to do the right thing than any boy you ever saw. When I lie to keep dad from being pulled by the police of a foreign country, I seem to be all right, and then dad will tell me to always be truthful; and when I tell the truth, and dad gets in trouble by my doing so, then he wants to kick me. Every boy ought to have a conscience that will prevent him from doing wrong, not one of these vacillating consciences that have to have an alarm clock to tell it when to work properly, but a conscience that is like a detective, which never sleeps, or like pills, that work while you sleep, and regulate your conscience so it will keep time whether it is wound up or not.

On the way over from Havana, dad had several talks with me about turning over new leaves, and he said now that we are about to land in our own country, let us be honest, and tell the truth. I said I would try it, but maybe it would kill me, and then dad concealed about his person all the things he intended to smuggle without paying duty, and then he put on a pious look, just like a minister who is on his return from a vacation, and we stood on deck as we came up from Sandy Hook, looked at the statue of Liberty and swelled up; looked at the Stars and Stripes flying, and wept, and acted like fools. Dad was piouser than ever, with over 40 yards of lace wound around his stomach under his shirt, and a lot of kid gloves tied under his arms, and more things than you could count, and when the revenue officers boarded the ship dad broke out in a perspiration, which was so noticeable that the inspectors pined him off at once, and when he saw that they suspected

amount, cause I was no hog. "What you crying about," said I, as dad broke down and wept. "Oh, I was thinking of poor Andrew Carnegie; the dear old case of Scotch whisky and Quaker oats," said dad, as he wiped his eyes and read more about the Chadwick case. "Here, this woman charges that Carnegie was her father, and gave up the notes to square himself with his accidental daughter, so she wouldn't reveal on him, and queer him with the library beggars, who might refuse to take his tainted money."

"It is too bad about Andrew," says I to dad, "but don't you remember what a wink he had to his left eye, that time we saw him, even in his old age?"

"Well, that woman is no gentleman, or she never would have told on Andrew," said dad and he dried his eyes and looked at another paper, and told me to hush, and he kept on reading, and finally he said:

"Well, if that wouldn't skin you," and he put his hand to his head, and sighed as though his heart would break.

"What is it, dad?" out with it, cause we might as well know the worst. Has Chauncey Depew attended another banquet, and told that old chestnut about—"

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stomach, and tell her he will meet her at the stage door the next night with an automobile with her own monogram on the side entrance—yes, when it comes to that old John will never find any trouble in putting the tainted billion into circulation. Eh, dad, don't you think so?" says I, and dad said he guessed that would be the only salvation for poor old, bald-headed John, with the odor of kerosene on his bank account.

But here's something that will make you stand without hitching, and I want to get to Chicago by the first train," said dad, as he turned over the paper and looked at the headlines.

"What's the matter in Chicago, dad?" says I. "Has Carter Harrison been elected again when he was not looking?"

"Oh, more fun than that," said dad. "What do you think, the Chicago teamsters are on a strike, and they have blocked traffic, and there is a fair chance that the people who are not killed with bricks will be starved to death, cause they are going to put a stop to delivering meat, groceries and milk. Gee, wouldn't I like to be there with a window looking out on State street," and dad fairly beamed with joy at the thought of bloodshed.

"Well, when was there a time when the Chicago teamsters were not on a strike?" said I to dad. "They are the most sympathetic people on earth. What are they striking for now?"

"Oh, some girls that sew overalls are on a strike, and they can't seem to win, so the teamsters have struck in sympathy with them, and the business of four million people is knocked gally west," said dad.

"Well, I guess they better let the teamsters stay out, cause if they go back to work there'll be a strike of nurses week after next, and the teamsters will have to go out again, and block things, and haul up the whole business," I told dad, and I added: "The only way to stop those teamsters striking, is to pension every one of them about a hundred dollars a month, and lay them off, and hire somebody that is not looking for an excuse to quit work and shy bricks. Make them the leisure class, with bank accounts, and they won't have so much sympathy as to ruin the business of Chicago."

Here's something you wouldn't believe," says dad, picking up another paper. "Roosevelt is elected again, and is off in the mountains for two months, shooting jack rabbits and bears, and letting public business go to the dogs, but he has heard of the Chicago strike and a banquet in that town, and he is going to the banquet, and see if his presence will not make the strikers forget to fight, and you want to plug berths for the train to-night, cause I have got to see Roosevelt and report to him about what we did for him in Turkey and Egypt," and dad began to pack up the things the custom house officers didn't find on him.

And so, old man, it won't be long before you will see me in your old grocery and I will tell you things that will make the Arabian Nights seem like an account of a church social. If I were in your place I would get a detective to protect you, for I have got so I am liable to shoot a man on sight, and rob him of all he holds dear. Scram, and open the windows, and put on that clean shirt you have been holding for such an occasion, for 'behold, the prodigal son is on your trail' with a real appetite.

Yours,

HENNERY.

STUDENT GUESSES POORLY

Man Who Acted Rational Was Insane While Loud Friend Was a Famous Author.

A student once asked the French alienist Esquirol if there were any sure tests by which to tell the sane from the insane. "Please dine with me to-morrow at six o'clock," was the answer of the savant. The student accepted the invitation, and found two other guests present, one of whom was elegantly dressed and apparently highly educated, while the other was rather unclean, noisy, and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple after all; the quiet, well-dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some lines, but the other is as certainly a lunatic and ought to be locked up."

"You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol